

The Times-Dispatch

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28, 1909.

A PLATFORM FROM BRUNSWICK COUNTY.

An ancient custom has just been received in Brunswick county, where the Democrats have gathered in mass-meeting and promulgated a declaration of party principles. The county platform convention comes now like an echo from other days; the State organization long since took its functions away and left it to become obsolete. But when the primary, in turn, supplanted the State convention as a nominating agency, it failed to provide any means for platform-making, leaving that important duty to the personal preferences of candidates. It so happens, therefore, that the interesting revival of the county gathering in Brunswick county gives us the first concerted and organized promulgation of issues that the present campaign has yet brought forth.

The Brunswick Democrats have written a good platform, and one which the State convention, if there were any, could to advantage follow closely in several important respects. The Brunswick platform puts forward four declarations, "as embodying the leading issues, as we view them, in the present campaign." These issues are as follows, in the order in which they are given:

1. The equal assessment of personal and real property for purposes of taxation, and, to insure this, the appointment of a board of equalization, "composed of a representative man from each congressional district."

2. Unequivocal opposition to State-wide prohibition, and a demand for local option.

3. A good roads policy based on local self-government and supported by full opportunity for the issuance of county bonds.

4. "Public and universal education," to be obtained "without imposing too great a burden on the tax-payers of the State."

It will be seen at once that the Brunswick platform has little to lose in comparison with those personally put forward by the chief aspirants for office in this State. Unlike the two gubernatorial candidates, these Democrats do not think that all the needs and hopes of Virginia in the next five years are summed up in liquor regulation and road and school improvement, while, packed casual attention to bank examination or the Confederate veterans. The Brunswick Democrats, indeed, show their independent intelligence by putting another matter before all of these thoroughly familiar and thrashed-out "issues." In demanding changes in the tax system which will insure the just and equal assessment of property, they reach the very heart of a reform which is of the utmost importance to the people of Virginia.

They are mistaken, it is true, in preferring a board of equalization to a tax commission. A tax commission would be composed of experts, and a board of equalization would not. A commission could work reform in various directions, while a board would be limited to one. A commission could be of much greater positive service to the State than a board, as a comparison between the Wisconsin Tax Commission and the Ohio Board of Equalization, for example, would illustrate. A commission succeeds where a board fails, as, to name only one, in the notable case of New Hampshire. But a board would undoubtedly bring about distinct improvements over the present situation, and it is a satisfaction to find these alert Democrats demanding that such improvements should be definitely pledged during the present campaign.

Without especially exerting themselves the Brunswick county Democrats might have gone on and raised other questions involving more original and creative brain-work than some of those which we are now seeing so constantly reshaped upon the stump. A few of these The Times-Dispatch has already indicated. Still others it will venture to call to attention as the campaign progresses. Answering chords in the candidates' beings have so far appeared hard to strike, but it is too early to despair. It is unreasonable to insist that there is so much constructive work waiting to be done for the fuller progress and richer development of Virginia, the man who aspires to be her next Governor must have definite ideas as to what is to be done, and broad plans for doing it.

ABDUL FALLS.

How utterly unsafe are predictions of any kind in moments of revolution was shown again by the dispatches from Constantinople yesterday. Hardly had news come which made it appear certain that the Sultan would not be deposed when the word flashed over that the Sultan was already deposed and his brother would reign in his stead. Those telegraphic pounds Turkish on the palace troops seem to have been the last straw. Mussulman joined unflinchingly

with Greek and Armenian in decreeing that Abdul Hamid was unfit to rule. The Sheikh ul-Islam, on the side of the strongest group, could readily find divine sanction for the act. Of this unanimous decision the facts remain to be counted. To the immense difficulties of the political situation are added the perplexities of race and religious questions. Already there are rumors of an uprising of the faithful on behalf of their dethroned caliph. When progress meets piety too forcibly, the result is civil war.

But the national assembly has doubtless done well, none the less, Abdul deposed is Abdul half shorn of his terrors. He ranks high among the vilest politicians of his generation, and among the most unscrupulous. His reign has been a thirty-three years' calamity for Turkey. All his crimes no one knows, just as no one ever known all his plans; but his tyranny, at any rate, has been disastrous to his country. Espionage and corruption have been his methods of oppression; he has had an underground system so gigantic, so ruthless and so well-financed that it was a marvel that revolution could ever have freed its head against it, much less prevail. In place of this dangerous despot, the Young Turks now set up a feeble old man, a practical prisoner for a quarter of a century, unused to affairs and intrigue, and obviously a far readier instrument for the furthering of their plan.

ALEXANDRIA'S HOME-COMING WEEK.

With great pomp and panoply and glittering array, a King and Queen have been crowned in Alexandria, and a great home-coming week is on in full swing. The King, we note, entertained at the Elks' Club on the opening night, which we take to be an auspicious start. Great crowds throng the street, which is also well. There will be six whole days of carnival and confetti and merry-making, and many Alexandrians will return to their old town and be gladdened by the festive ceremonies.

Behind the tinsel and the mock rites and the make-believe there lies in this home-coming jubilee a very simple and very serious purpose. If every county in Virginia would decide to have a home-coming celebration in concert, there is no doubt that the State would greatly benefit by it. We believe that it would have a very strong effect on the army of expatriate Virginians to hear the voice of Virginia calling them to come back home.

LEAVE IT TO MARS.

Apparently the professor himself has some doubts about the efficacy of his ten million dollar plan for talking things over with Mars. Confronted with an offer of funds from Texas, the same faithful, enterprising old Texas which gave the Tremendous Trousers to Mr. Taft, he somewhat cautiously opines that we know too little about the planet in question as yet "to spend much money in signaling possible inhabitants."

Of course, the two modest Texas newspapers did not dream of inexpressively calling a bluff, but a little research will doubtless reveal to them other ways of expending their surplus millions.

Since Dr. Pickering is too scrupulous to disburse other people's money on what might prove to be a wild goose chase, why not leave all the worry and the pother and the cost to the Martians? In a way we do not want to force ourselves on these fellows. For all we know, their lack of all signs of interest in us may be due to a settled policy. They may be deliberately snubbing us. A brilliant flash of light in their purposely averted eyes might offend and enrage them, past all control. Who knows what fearful types of long-range guns they may not have up there, capable of shooting through 35,000,000 miles of space as it were a sheet of Manila paper? Or, if they love us, let them prove it. Let them construct the costly field of the cloth of glass, or rear the flag as big as Ireland on the 500-mile high staff. For our part let us sit tight, which is both cheap and safe.

THE MEN WHO OVERTHREW THE SULTAN.

The press dispatches which pour in from Turkey tell what is perhaps the culminating chapter in the history of a marvelous organization. There can be no doubt that with the possible exception of Young Italy, under Mazzini, the "Young Turks" are unique in the political history of the world.

Western civilization has so long been accustomed to regard the Turks as effete and indolent that it is completely at a loss to understand the purport of the new movement in Turkey. Many have seen in the Young Turks merely a parliamentary faction which has the support of the army—a faction destined to degenerate into the hopeless indolence and debased license of the old regime. Nothing can be further from the truth. The present outbreak is but the climax of a long program of national regeneration. Years ago the bigotry and atrocity of the present Sultan drove from the country those Turks who had been educated after Western ideas, and who had hopes for the future of their country. Gathered in Paris, these Young Turks planned the overthrow of the Sultan and the establishment of a constitutional government. For years their plans were regarded as chimerical, and it seemed as though Turkey was fast drifting towards national disintegration. Nevertheless, the policy of the Sultan awoke in the Turks at home, and especially in those who came in contact with foreign governments, a desire akin to that possessed by their Parisian brothers. Ere long a secret order sprang up, and at Salonika was formed the "Committee on Liberty."

Despite repressive measures by the Sultan, this organization prospered, and united with the Paris society to

form the "Ottoman Committee of Union and Progress." This committee was essentially practical. They knew that nothing could be achieved without the support of the army, and accordingly, they spread the gospel of a new Turkey among the troops. The Third Corps, stationed in Macedonia, was speedily won over, as was the Sixth Corps, long dreaded as the worst instrument of the Sultan. Many were converted from the Second Corps, but that body never became a willing instrument of the Young Turks.

For months the Sultan, blinded by his advisers, refused to believe that the movement was aught but the dream of a few malcontents. He did not awake from this delusion until the Young Turks were strong enough to crush him. Following some attempted arrests by the Sultan, the revolt broke out in Macedonia on July 5, 1908, and in nineteen days the Sultan was forced to grant a constitution. His armies refused to obey him, his most reactionary advisers were silent, and he himself could do nothing but succumb.

In the resulting election under the constitution, the Young Turks carried the day, and, but for the recent coup d'etat, would have worked out a constitution for Turkey without bloodshed. Relying on the Second Corps, the Sultan finally raised a counter-revolution, which, in the event, has proved absolutely disastrous to him. The allegiance of the army to the constitutional party has been, in the main, unflinching. At a word, the Young Turks mustered thousands of men and marched on Constantinople. They have reduced the Sultan to entire submission, and will doubtless bring Asiatic Turkey to terms in short order. It is as yet too early to predict the final results of the revolution. That a constitutional government will be maintained, and that religious toleration will be proclaimed, seem certain. In fact, these two principles have lain at the root of all that the Young Turks have done.

The effect of the new order on general European politics is more doubtful. Certainly, a great change will take place if the "Sick Man of the East" is cured of his old-time malady. England need no longer disgrace itself by maintaining in power a disreputable dynasty. It may be, too, that the new Turkey will hold its own against Russia, and will ultimately establish, on the Bosphorus, a nation able to contend for an honorable place among the great powers of Europe.

Texas has collected a fine of nearly \$2,000,000 from a branch of Standard Oil. There are times when we are rather proud of the State which Sam Houston and other Virginians made possible.

As April once remarked, consistency is the vice of mercenary fools.

They seem to want Hamid potted.

But suppose, after paying \$10,000,000 to establish communication with Mars, we get some native Chancellor Day at the 'phone?

The tariff has a lot of staunch friends and they're all among the wealthy classes, too.

It is outrageous for the ostentatious consumer to keep on with his senseless complaints. With seaweed and skeletons on the free list, and the spiegelglas duty heavily cut, where on earth does his kick come in?

Mr. James A. Patten may get arrested yet. Ain't he loafing on the corner?

With other surroundings and up-brings, what a man to lead the bleachers Cipriano Castro would have been!

Unless we miss our guess, little Adele Boas will henceforward have an uphill time getting permission to go and play dillies with the little girl around the corner.

An old Virginia girl, down Pungotangue way, had her rib broken in saying farewell to her sweetheart. The fracture was unfortunate, but it serves to emphasize anew the familiar fact that the bewitching lassies of Virginia never tolerate the carresses of multicoedies.

"Dress coats," observes the Dundee Advertiser, "if worn at all, should at least be black." Also at most.

How grateful our Northern friends will be to Mr. James A. Patten if his grasping ways prove the means of introducing them to the golden-brown Old Virginia butterbread.

In the Jungle Near Mombasa, Oh! there's moving in Mombasa, in the jungle, in the den; Oh! there's moving in the treemap, there's moving in the den.

The elephants are tramping, and the bush-buck and the kudu, With the koodoo and the gerenuk, are making for the bush.

"For shame, you hippopotamus!" the "scapling lion roars.

"To quit your threatened country when the invaders are at hand?"

He can shoot me when he sees me, but it's not the same with you."

"Yes, I'm going to the hippo, 'for I may be one of them."

"For shame, you striped zebra!" the leaping leopard cries.

"Protect me by two licenses, I'm verna in his eyes."

But the zebra and the waterbuck, the topi and the sable.

Are picking up their petticoats and going while they're able.

"Stay, buffalo," the warthog pleads; "the country is in danger."

"Just one of me? And yet I see? By nature I'm a ranger."

"Eland, you're safe, I mean, eland, I'm old but he's law-abiding."

But "one of each" is out of reach till all have gone in hiding.

For the whispering murmur ill the murmur was a roar.

And the news has reached Mombasa that he's landing on her shore.

And there's a host of his deringers and terror of his rifles.

And terror of an order to which deringers he bet.

"I'm frightened," says the bleabok, "for I'm in the class of ten."

And though I "scape his rifle, I can't escape his bet."

A taxidermist outfit he carries with his tent; They say he is a naturalist and skeptically he bet.

He's come to prove men liars; he's come to prove the fact.

That here there are no turkeys, no kangaroos, no yaks.

Borrowed Jingles.

BALLAD OF MISIVING.

We're renting today four rooms and bath. Planning to move in the month of May. Every convenience they say it hath. Perfectly heated by night and day.

Yet if I call them owners, say, Why did folks move from this place of cheer?

Why do they not in this jewel stay? Where are the tenants of yesterday?

Could they have fled from the tyrant's wrath?

Did they succumb to his earlark away? Would we, too, do if we crossed his path?

The, they're doing it for the money, say. No one objects to our children's play.

Neighborhood private and station near. Fain would we have them our fears ally.

Where are the tenants of yesterday?

In truth, though we tell it not in Gath, We have the best of the matter, say. We live in dread of some aftermath.

Each room is open with sunlight airy, and even with his wife. Indeed, the Princess of Wales showed almost as much interest as her husband in the

What a paper it new and not say nay, subject in order to take the question: Oh, for a bright enlightening ray.

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Janitor, solve us this riddle, pray. Make us this mystery plain and clear, why do they move from this gem away?

Where are the tenants of yesterday?

—McLanburgh Wilson, in New York Sun.

MERELY JOKING.

A Joyous Occasion.

"Yes, they're going to give him a big public funeral."

"Was he so much respected?"

"No, they're doing it for the moral effect, and don't mind the expense. The deceased was a joy rider, you know."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Rare Opportunity for Burkhart.

"Are you the man who produced the spinous caetus?"

"An'—"

"Umph-umph. Good thing, I suppose. But why don't you try something in the way of a caetus?"

Burkhart explained stiffly that the shad was not within his jurisdiction.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Just as Good as Cheering.

"Women don't understand the responsibilities of politics."

"At a recent woman's congress the delegates threw kisses at a popular candidate for an hour and thirty-five minutes by the clock."—Washington Herald.

The Wherefore.

"This is the fellow Castro considered so dangerous."

"He's a boat rocker. Wants to rock the ship of state."—Pittsburg Post.

Heart Interest.

"Something novel in melodrama."

"How now?"

"The heroine's spring has set a hit by a pitcher, which makes it a lovely new shape."—Kansas City Journal.

Home Tasks.

"I suppose you'll be glad when your child gets out of the lower and into the higher grades?"

"Yes," believes I could do the geometry lessons more easily than the beadwork and perforated squares.—Houston Chronicle.

THE OBSERVANT PARAGRAPHS.

A Ohio youth was reduced to the necessity of selling fellow like mure, because there's no excitement nowadays.

Come back, Mr. Roosevelt, come back.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Why doesn't Cipriano Castro brace up and make a career in vaudeville?—Detroit Free Press.

And then a good many people avoid the danger of receiving any counterfeit money in their change, and have a change coming to them.—Indianapolis News.

After eating onions a girl should immediately sit down and persevere some work of fiction that is calculated to take her breath away.—Chicago News.

If seekers for a Nevada divorce must actually live in that State to get one, the industry will speedily die. The reward is not worth the price.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

We long to read a story wherein the hero is an ordinary fellow like many a reader, instead of a milkop. We never knew a book hero that was not too good.—Athens Globe.

WANTED—STATECRAFT.

Twice-Told Tales and Personalities Fail to Touch Real Issues.

There is a contest on in Virginia at the present time for the governorship. The Hon. Harry St. George Tucker and the Hon. William Hodges Mann are the candidates. These gentlemen have been in public life, more or less, for many years. They recently met in joint debate at Boynton, and it must have enlightened the people of Virginia.

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Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder
Cleanses, beautifies and preserves the teeth and purifies the breath.
Used by people of refinement for almost Half a Century

The Courts of Europe

By La Marquise de Fontenay.

England in High Favor Abroad.

While here in the United States the authorities, State and municipal, are endeavoring to suppress sparring matches and boxing exhibitions, raising thereby with police as contrary to law and carting off not only principals, but even spectators, to the station-house in patrol wagons, in England we find the Prince of Wales, the most steady-going of scions of royalty, attending exhibitions of this kind with his two eldest boys, and even with his wife. Indeed, the Princess of Wales showed almost as much interest as her husband in the

What a paper it new and not say nay, subject in order to take the question: Oh, for a bright enlightening ray.

Where are the tenants of yesterday?

In truth, though we tell it not in Gath, We have the best of the matter, say. We live in dread of some aftermath.

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